

# THE ARIEL.

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING, RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

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## THE ENGRAVING.

The views which we present this week, though not embracing much to interest the lover of historical associations, are nevertheless, calculated to please, if but from the circumstance of their being the work of a very young and very promising Philadelphia artist. **WOLSTHORP**, a parish of England, in Lincolnshire, is celebrated as the birth-place of the immortal **NEWTON**, and though a small and insignificant village, is resorted to by crowds of eminent individuals, anxious to breathe the same air, and repose in the same shades, which linger around the classic spot. Little can be said in praise of the town itself, yet it still holds a conspicuous place in all the guide books to the fashionable tour of England.

**THE DROPPING WELL** is a great natural phenomenon, consisting of a perpetual spring which issues from the top of a high cliff, and pours a continual stream, which, though broken and divided in falling, presents a very singular appearance. In Cockburn's voyages we find an interesting account of a tree in South America, which also yielded a plentiful supply of water by a kind of distillatory process: this tree was met with near the mountainous district of Vera Paz. The party were attracted to it from a distance, by the ground appearing wet around it; and the peculiarity was the more striking, as no rain had fallen for six months previous. At last, to their great astonishment, as well as joy, they saw water dropping, or, as it were, distilling fast from the end of every leaf of this wonderful tree; at least it was so with them, who had been laboring four days through extreme heat without receiving the least moisture, and were now almost expiring for want of it. The testimony of travellers is too often enshrined among the fabulous; and their credentials either altogether rejected by some, or at least received "*eum grano salis*." Bruce of Kinnaid forms the most remarkable example of this kind, and the caricature of Baron Munchausen consigned the whole to sarcasm and ridicule; and yet the time is come when the more remarkable circumstances and phenomena mentioned by this traveller, verified by Lord Valentia, Mr. Salt, &c. are received as well accredited facts. The curious phenomenon mentioned by Coeburn finds an interesting and beautiful counterpart in two plants—viz. the *Calla Æthiopica* and *Agapanthus Umbellatus*, in both of which, after a copious watering, the water will be seen to drop from the tips of the leaves; a phenomenon not hitherto recorded.

**VENETIAN LUXURY.**—The chroniclers have presented an amusing picture of the luxurious habits of the Constantinopolitan fair one who shared the crown of Dominico Silvio, a later doge. Such, we are assured, was the extent of her refinement, that she banished the use of plain water from her toilet, and washed herself only with the richest and most fragrant medicated preparations. Her apartments were so saturated with perfumes, that those who were unaccustomed to such odors, often fainted upon

entering; and, as the climax of sinful indulgence, (for such it appears to the narrator) in the inordinate pride of her heart, she refused to employ her fingers in eating, and never touched her meat unless with a golden fork. Her end was in miserable contrast with these Sybaritic manners. She was stricken with a sore disease, considered, no doubt, as an especial judgment; and her sufferings, which were long protracted, were of such a nature as to excite rather the disgust than the pity of her attendants.

**BLOODINESS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.**—In the former French Revolution no age or sex was spared—the innocence of childhood and infancy was no security. Under the proconsulate of Carrier at Nantz, five hundred children were shot and fifteen hundred drowned, the oldest of whom was not more than fourteen. "Never," says Prudhomme in describing the shooting, "was there a scene more piteous and frightful; the lowness of their stature saved many from the effect of the volleys—they unloosed their bonds, crept even into the ranks of their executioners, sought refuge between their legs, and threw their arms violently around them, raising their innocent and horror-struck countenances imploringly to these savages. But nothing could arrest their inhuman purpose—they murdered them at their feet."

**AERIAL VOYAGE OF A DOG.**—The subjects of the first experiments with the parathute were naturally inferior animals. On the 26th of August, M. Blanchard dropped a dog suspended from a parachute, from the altitude of 6000 feet above the surface of the earth. A whirlwind interrupted its descent, and carried it above the clouds. The aeronaut soon after met the parachute again; the dog recognised his master, and expressed his uneasiness and solicitude by barking; another current of air, however, carried him off, and he was lost sight of. The parachute with the dog descended soon after the aeronaut in safety.

**COMETS AND WOMEN.**—Comets are eccentric, and so are women; and how does the comparison stand? Comets have tails, and women have trains. Comets, after making a brilliant appearance disappear; and women of great attractions are frequently fond of retirement and seclusion from society. Comets doubtless answer some wise and good purpose in creation; comets shine with peculiar splendor in the night; so do women. Comets equally excite the admiration of the philosopher, and of the clod in the valley; so do women. Comets and women therefore, are closely analogous, but the nature of each being inscrutable, all that remains for us to do is to view with admiration the one, and, almost to adoration, love the other.

After the Recorder had passed sentence on a prisoner named Mary Ann Drane, alias Blue Ribbons, at the Yarmouth Assizes, adjudging her to seven years' transportation, she held out her arm and vociferated, "I pray God Almighty you may sit there till I come back, and then I'll tell you how I like it."

## SELECT TALES.

From Blackwood's Magazine for May.

## THE FATE OF THE DUKE DE BIRON.

(CONCLUDED.)

"In the King's name, or in the Marshal de Biron's gentlemen!" demanded St. Maurice, somewhat bitterly. "You jest with me, gentlemen; my lord the Duke I may have offended, but the King never."

"I said in the King's name, young gentleman," replied the other gravely, taking the sword, which St. Maurice yielded. "You, sirs," he continued, turning to those who stood near, "guard this prisoner closely, while I seek for the Baron de Lux."

St. Maurice was detained for a few minutes in the corridor, and then bade to prepare to journey to Fontainbleau. The whole castle was now in confusion, and all the principle officers of Marshal Biron, the Count found, were, like himself, under arrest. At his entreaty, the Count de Belin, who commanded the party of royal troops, permitted him to take leave of her he had so lately wedded, though only in his presence. Marie de la Roche sue Marne was drowned in tears, but alarm for her uncle's safety easily accounted for that, and the few low words of comfort and assurance which Mr. St. Maurice spoke, betrayed not at all, the secret of their union.—She suffered him to speak uninterrupted but by her sobs; but when he bent over her hand to raise it to his lips, with the formal courtesy of the day, all was forgotten but her love and her despair, and casting herself into his arms, she hid her eyes upon his shoulder, and wept with the bitter agonizing tears of unavailing love.

The old Count de Belin gently unclasped her arms, and removed St. Maurice, who turned, and grasping his hand, said, with a meaning look. "Sir, you are a soldier and a gentleman—our confidence, I am sure is safe!"

"Upon my honour," replied the officer, laying his hand upon his heart, and St. Maurice was satisfied. He was soon after put on horseback, and conducted with several others to Fontainbleau, from whence he was immediately carried to Paris, and lodged in the Bastile. But it may be now time to turn to him whose weak ambition had brought ruin on his own head.

As is well known, the Duke de Biron, summoned by the King to his presence on clear information of his treason, proceeded at once to Fontainbleau, depending fully on the fidelity of the very men who had betrayed him, and entered the gardens in which Henry was walking, at the very moment when the monarch was declaring, *that beyond all doubt he would not come*. He advanced at once towards the King, and Henry, whose frank and generous heart would fain have believed him less guilty than he really was, embraced him according to his custom, saying, "You did well to come, Lord Duke, otherwise I should have gone to seek you;" and, taking him by the hand, he led him into another garden, where he could speak with him unobserved. There Henry at once, with the noble candour of a noble heart, told him that good information had been received, of his having carried on a

long correspondence with the enemies of the state. "Speak the truth, my lord," he added; "tell me all, and, good faith, no one shall know it; the matter shall go no further, and all it shall cost you shall be a sincere reparation."

The Marshal replied, proudly, he had nothing to confess, and that his purpose in coming, was to meet his accusers. There was a rudeness in his answer, which was not the boldness of innocence; and Henry, turning away, rejoined the court. Still Henry tried more than once during the day to win from the traitor one repentant word. He again and again solicited him to speak. He sent his friends to him, and his relations; and though urged by his council—before which full proofs of the Marshal's guilt had long been laid, and which had taken prompt measures, as we have seen, for securing his followers and dependants—still Henry's heart rebelled against his better judgment, and would not suffer him to order his arrest. "If this matter be tried, and proved against him," said the King, "justice must have its way, for the sake of public example; but I would fain avert the necessity." At length, even at midnight, Henry once more called his treacherous servant to his presence: and again begged him, for his own sake, to confess his fault. "Let me hear from your own mouth," said the monarch, "that which, with great sorrow, I have heard from too good authority; and on a frank acknowledgement, I promise to grant you pardon and kindness. Whatever crime you may have committed or meditated against my person, if you will but confess it, I will cover it over with the mantle of my protection, and forget it myself forever."

"Sire!" replied the Marshal boldly, "I have nothing to say but what I have said. I did not come to your majesty to justify myself, but to beg you only to tell me my enemies, that I may seek justice against them, or render it to myself."

Henry turned away disgusted, and the Duke advanced through the door of the saloon into the antechambers beyond. At the door of that, however, which led out upon the staircase, he was met by the Count de Vitry, who, seizing his right hand in his own left, caught the hilt of Biron's sword with the other hand, exclaiming, the King commands me to give an account of your person, sir. Yield me your sword."

Biron started, and a mortal paleness came over his face; for it would seem that he never dreamed for a moment, either that the monarch had accurate information of his treason, or would proceed to do justice against him.—He suffered himself to be disarmed, however, and led to a secure apartment, where, after he had recovered from his first surprise, he passed the night in violent and intemperate language, injurious to his own cause, and indecent in itself. From thence he was conveyed to the Bastile, and his trial proceeded in with great rapidity. A thousand efforts were made to save him, by his friends, and relations; and Henry was besieged, wherever he appeared, with tears and petitions. But the day of mercy had gone by: the same monarch who had almost supplicated his rebellious sub-

ject to say one word that might save himself, now sternly declared that justice must take its course; and that whatever the law awarded, without fail should be put in execution.

In the meanwhile, St. Maurice passed his time in bitter meditation, confined in a dull cell of the Bastile, which, though not absolutely a dungeon, contained nothing but one of those small narrow beds, whose very look was like that of the grave, a crucifix, and a missal. The hours of the day wore on, and he saw no one but the people who brought him his daily food, and a few persons passing occasionally across the inner court of the Bastile; so that solitude and sad thoughts traced every day deeper and deeper lines upon his heart, and upon his brow. He thought of her whom he loved—of what her situation was, and what it might be; and when that was too painful, he turned his mind to his own fate, and tried to look it calmly in the face, but still the image of Marie rose up in every scene, and reduced all the native resolution of his heart to woman's weakness.

He was thus one day cast heedless on his bed, when the door of his cell opened, and the jailor desired him to follow. St. Maurice rose and obeyed, & a few minutes brought him to a large chamber, which he was bade to enter. At the other side of the room there stood a middle sized man, habited in a plain suit of rusty black velvet, with strong marked aquiline features, and grey hair and beard. His eye was keen and quick, his forehead broad and high, and there was something peculiar in the firm rooted attitude with which he stood, bending his eyes upon the open door.—Even had St. Maurice never seen him before, he could never have doubted that he was a King.

"Come hither, Sir Court," said Henry IV. abruptly, and tell me all you know of this treason of the Duke de Biron. Tell me all, tell me true, and, by my faith, you shall have full pardon."

"Sire," replied St. Maurice, "when my father died in the service of your majesty, and my mother left this world a few days after my birth, I was left a pennyless orphan, for all our fortunes had been lost in your royal cause—" Henry knitted his brow—"I was a beggar," continued St. Maurice, "and the Duke de Biron took pity on me—brought me up—led me to the field—protected—provided for me"—

"Hold! hold! hold!" cried the King. "Say no more! say no more—get you gone—yet stay—I seek not, sir, this unhappy man's death. Justice shall be done, but no more than justice—no severity. If you know any thing which can mitigate his offence speak it boldly, and the King will thank you; any thing that may render his crime less black."

"I know little, Sire, of the Marshal's late conduct" replied the Count, "for in truth I have been less in his confidence than formerly; but this I know and believe, that he is one of those men to speak, aye, and to write, many base things in a hasty and passionate mood, that he would be the last on earth to act."

Henry mused for a moment in silence, and then, without any farther observation, ordered St. Maurice again back to his cell.

Another long week passed, and day after day grew more weary and horrible than the last. Each hour, each moment, added to anxiety, uncertainty, and expectation, already beyond endurance. The rising and the setting of the sun, the heavy passing away of the long and tardy minutes, the wide vague infinity through which apprehension and care had leave to roam, overwhelmed his mind, and shook even his corporal strength. Each noise, each sound, made him start; and the very opening of his cell door brought with it some quick indistinct fear. It is said that those long accustomed to solitary confinement, get inured to the dead, black vacancy of existence without action; lose hope, and fear, and thought, and care; and exist, but hardly can be said to live. But St. Maurice had not yet had time to let one of the fresh pangs of his situation become lulled by the opiate of custom, and every moment of its endurance was a moment of new agony. He heard no tidings, he received no comfort, from any one. The very joys that he had known, and the love he had valued most, became a torture to him; his own heart was a burden, and while the future was all dark and lowering, the past was full of regret, and prolific of apprehension.

At length one evening an unusual number of footsteps traversing the court below, called him from the bed on which he usually cast himself in prostrate despondency, and he beheld, from the small window of his cell, a number of people gathered together in the open space, of a quality which shewed at once that some great and formal act was about to take place in the walls of the prison. The chancellor was there, and various judges and officers of the Parliament, and a number of the municipal body of Paris were on the spot, with clerks and sergeants, and the two chief *prevots*. A small body of soldiers also guarded the different doors of the court, and on the side next to the garden was raised a scaffold, about five feet above the ground, at the roof of which a strong man in black stood, with two others of an inferior grade, examining the edge of a large heavy sword, which was suddenly put into the sheath on the sound of some voices at the other side of the court.

At that moment the Duke de Biron was brought in through the opposite doors, accompanied by several of the officers of the prison. His dark swarthy countenance was not a shade paler than usual, and, with his hat and plume upon his head, he walkedly boldly forward with an erect and daring carriage; but as his eye first fell upon the scaffold, he paused a single instant, exclaiming, "Ha!" He then strode forward again, as if he had been marching against an enemy, and came to the foot of the ladder which led to the scaffold. There he paused and looked around him with furious and impatient eyes, as if he would fain have vented the wrath that was in his heart upon some of those around him.

"Sir Chancellor! Sir Chancellor!" he cried, "you have condemned a man more innocent than many you have suffered to escape, and that upon the evidence of two perjured villains. You have done injustice, sir, which you could have prevented, and you shall answer for it

before God,—Yes, Sir, before him whose presence I summon you before a year pass over.” Then turning to the commandant, he added, “Ah, Monsieur de Roissy, Monsieur de Roissy! had your father been alive, he would have aided me to quit this place. Fie! fie! is this a fate for one who has served his country as I have!”

“My lord duke,” said the Chancellor, “you have heard the sentence of your peers, and it must now be executed. The King commands me to demand the insignia of that noble order to which you once belonged.”

“There, sir, take it!” cried the duke, giving him his star and ribband.

“Tell the king, that, though he treat me thus, I have never broken one statute of the order to which my deeds in his service raised me. Psaw!” he continued, turning from the priests, who now pressed him to confess—“I make my confession aloud. All my words are my confession.—Still,” he added, as his eye rested for a moment on the scaffold and all the awful preparation for his fate, “still I may as well think awhile of where I am going.”

He then spoke for a few minutes with the priest who stood by his side. His countenance grew calmer and graver; and after having received absolution and the sacrament, he looked for a brief space up towards the sky, then knelt down before the scaffold, and prayed for some time, while a dead silence was maintained around—you might have heard a feather fall. As he still knelt, the sun broke out, and shone calmly and sweetly over the whole array of death, while a bird in the neighboring garden, wakened by the sunshine and the deep stillness, broke into a clear, shrill, joyful song, with the most painful music that ever struck the ear.

The prisoner started on his feet, and, after looking round for an instant, mounted the scaffold with the same bold step wherewith he had approached it. His eyes, however, still had in them that sort of wild, ferocious gleam, which they had exhibited ever since his arrest; and though he seemed to strive for calmness, and displayed not a touch of fear, yet there was an angry spirit in his tone as he addressed those around. “I have wronged the King,” he said sharply, “I have wronged the King. ‘Tis better to acknowledge it. But that I have sought his life, is a lie and a perjury. Had I listened to evil counsel, he would have been dead ten years ago. Ah! my old friends and fellow-soldiers,” he added, turning to the guards, “why will none of you fire your piece into my heart, instead of leaving me to the vile hands of this common butcher.” And he pointed to the executioner. “Touch me not with those hellish fingers, or, by heavens, I will tear you limb from limb! Give me the handkerchief.”

He then cast his hat away from him, and bound his own eyes—knelt—prayed again for a moment—rose suddenly up as the executioner was about to draw the sword—withdrew the covering from his sight—gazed widely round him for an instant, and beckoned one of the officers to tie up his long hair under the handkerchief. This was immediately done, and his eyes being covered, he called

out “Haste! haste!”—“Repeat the *In manus*, my lord,” said the executioner, taking the heavy sword, which had been hitherto concealed by the attendants.

Biron began to repeat the psalm of the dying—the blade glittered in the air—swayed around the head of the executioner, and before the eye could trace the blow which ended the earthly career of the unfortunate but guilty soldier, his head was severed at once from his body, and Biron was no more.

A feeling of intense and painful interest had kept St. Maurice at the window till the moment that the unhappy soldier covered his own eyes with the handkerchief; but then a sensation of giddy sickness, forced him away, and he cast himself down once more, with bitterer feelings than ever at his heart. The world seemed all a hell of cares and sorrows, and he could have died that moment with hardly a regret. After he had lain there for near two hours, he once more rose, and approached the window. The crowd were all gone, but the dark scaffold still remained, and the young soldier drew back again, saying to himself, “Who next? who next?” He lay down and tried to sleep, but his throbbing temples, and his heated blood, rendered the effort vain.—Strange wild images rose up before his eyes. Fiends and foul shapes were grinning at him in the air. Fire seemed circling through his veins, and burning his heart; he talked, with no one to hear—he raved—he struggled—and then came a long term of perfect forgetfulness, at the end of which he woke as from a profound sleep.

He was weak as a child, and his ideas of the past were but faint and confused. The first thing, however, that turned to memory was the image of his cell, and he cast his heavy eyes round, in search of the bolts, and grated windows; but no such things were near. He was in a small but handsome room, with the open lattice admitting the breath of many flowers, and by his side sat an old and revered dame, whom he had never seen before. A few faint but coherent words, and the light of intelligence re-awakened in his eye, shewed the nurse, for such she was, that the fever had left him, and going out of the chamber, she returned with a soldier-like man, whom St. Maurice at once remembered as the old Count de Belin, who had arrested him at Bourg. Many words of comfort and solace were spoken by the old soldier, but St. Maurice was forbidden to utter a word, or ask a question for several days. A physician, too, with a grave and solemn face, visited him twice each day, and gave manifold cautions and warnings as to his treatment, which the young gentleman began soon to think unnecessary, as the firm calm pulse of health grew fuller and fuller in his frame. At length one day, as he lay somewhat weary of restraint, the door opened, and Henry VI. himself stood by his side. “Now, faith, my good Count,” said the Monarch, “I had a hearty mind to keep you to silence and thin bouillon for some days longer, to punish certain rash words spoken in the Bastile, casting a stigma upon royal gratitude for leaving faithful friends, who had lost all in our behalf, to poverty and want. But I have lately heard all

your story, and more of it than you thought I ever would hear; and therefore, thought I shall take care that there be no more reproaches against my gratitude, as a punishment for your crimes, I shall sell you as a slave forever. Come hither, sweet taskmaster," he added, raising his voice, "and be sure you do all woman can—and that is no small power—to tease this youth through all his life to come."

As the King spoke, the flutter of a woman's robe—the bright, dear eyes—the sweet, all-graceful form,—the bland, glad smile of her he loved, burst upon the young soldier's sight; and she forgetting fear, timidity, the presence of royalty—all, all but love, sprung forward at once, and bedewed his bosom with her happy tears.

From the Spanish of Luis Ponce de Leon.

#### THE LIFE OF THE BLESSED.

REGION of life and light!  
Land of the good, whose earthly toils are o'er!  
Nor frost, nor heat, may blight  
Thy vernal beauty; fertile shore,  
Yielding thy blessed fruits for evermore!  
  
There, without crook or sling,  
Walks the good Shepherd; blossoms white and red  
Round his meek temples cling;  
And, to sweet pastures led,  
His own loved flock beneath his eye are fed.  
  
He guides, and near him they  
Follow delighted: for he makes them go  
Where dwells eternal May,  
And heavenly roses blow,  
Deathless, and gathered but again to grow.  
  
He leads them to the height  
Named of the infinite and long sought Good,  
And fountains of delight;—  
And where his feet have stood  
Springs up, along the way, their tender food.  
  
And when, in the mid skies,  
The climbing sun has reached his highest bound,  
Reposing as he lies,  
With all his flock around,  
He witches the still air with modulated sound.  
  
From his sweet lute flow forth  
Immortal harmonies, of power to still  
All passions born of earth,  
And draw the a'gent will  
Its destiny of goodness to fulfil.  
  
Might but a little part,  
A wandering breath of that high melody,  
Descend into my heart,  
And change it, till it be  
Transformed and swallowed up, O love, in thee:  
  
Ah, then my soul should know,  
Beloved, where thou liest at noon of day,  
And, from this place of wo  
Released, should take its way  
To mingle with thy flock, and never stray.

AMUSEMENT FOR LADIES.—That division of the fair portion of our community, who, as Cowley wittily says of the ex-courtier, 'are condemned to do what they please all the morning,' will take an interest in a method Mr. Ackermann has discovered of transferring prints, both plain and colored, upon fire-screens, work boxes, &c. so as to wear the appearance of being original drawings made upon the implements themselves. The print, after being cut close to the margin, is placed for about half a minute in a shallow vessel of water, and printed side uppermost, which must be kept carefully dry. When properly soaked, the back must be well sponged.—The printed surface is then completely covered with caustic varnish, and immediately placed

upon the wood, rubbing it down with a piece of fine cambric, that it may adhere uniformly. This done, the back is still to be kept moist, while it is rubbed carefully with the finger until half the thickness of the paper be fretted away, when it must be left to dry; after which the finger only should be wetted, rubbing it upon the paper till the whole is removed. The white dust which will remain, may be taken off with the aid of a little oil, after which a coat of caustic varnish is applied: and when dry, the ornament is ready for the polisher. Previously to the transferring, the wood itself is covered with varnish, and left 24 hours to dry. Colored prints are dipped in a composition of two thirds vinegar and one of water, in order to destroy the size which is in all paper of colored prints. When they have been dried between blotting paper, the process already detailed may be commenced.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.—We give the following opinion of the Chief Justice of Upper Canada, as reported by him in the Kingston Chronicle. It was delivered at the Middle District Assizes, on the trial of Hawley *v.* Ham. The plaintiff's daughter left the defendant, her husband, in consequence of his having beaten her with a horsewhip.

His lordship stated the law of the case, and said "that to maintain an action of this kind, it was necessary to prove that the defendant's conduct had been such as to render her departure necessary; that the question now was, how far this had been the case. It was true, it appeared in evidence, that a chastisement had taken place, but however ungallant such conduct might be considered, yet a man had a right to chastise his wife moderately—and to warrant her leaving her husband, the chastisement must be such as to put her in jeopardy. And were it not for the defendant's letter to the plaintiff, in which certainly consent was implied, he would have no hesitation in granting him a nonsuit. His lordship wished the public distinctly to understand what the law was, in such cases as the present: that it was decidedly hostile to the practice of wives running away from their husbands. His lordship could not help expressing his disapprobation, in the strongest terms, of the officious meddling of the parents of Mrs. Ham, in the present instance; and in exemplification of what the conduct of a phrent ought to be in such cases, with great humor related the following story. It once upon a time so happened that a person who had some dispute with his wife, gave her a moderate chastisement; upon which the fair one ran home, and complained to her father. The father, pretending to be in a desperate rage at the husband, said—what? has the scoundrel really had the impudence to beat my daughter?—well, I shall be revenged upon him, for I am determined to beat his wife; which he did, and sent her home, and he was no more troubled with the quarrels of the parties;—and Mr. Hawley should have done the same."

Pennsylvania wives need not apprehend the effect of making public the forgoing opinion, as the gallant President of the Philadelphia Court of Common Pleas, Judge King, has ruled the point in a different manner.—*Jur. of Law.*

LORD ERSKINE.—When this sublime orator made his *debut* at the bar, his *se'ntation* almost overcame him, and he was just going to sit down—'At that moment,' said he, 'I thought I felt my little children tugging at my own, and the idea roused me to an exertion of which I did not think myself capable.'

**ORIGINAL.**

FOR THE ARIEL.

**THE TOWN TATLER.—NO. 2.**

The incidents of the following sketch occurred in this city many years ago: but though so long a time has elapsed, yet instead of fading away from the memory of those most intimately connected with them, the lapse of time opens perhaps, new sources of unhappiness and distress. To many of my readers the leading features will no doubt be perfectly familiar.

About six-and-twenty years ago there lived in Market Street a newly married couple, upon whose early outset on the voyage of life a thousand blessings seemed to have been scattered by the hand of Providence. They possessed within themselves those principles of truth and goodness which in all conditions are the basis of contentment, and united dispositions so mild and congenial, with a kind forbearance for each others failings, which rendered their lives a pattern of domestic bliss. The father of the wife, shortly after the birth of their first child, a boy, was carried off suddenly by the malignant fever of the season, and bequeathed his large estate exclusively to the first born son of this, his only child.—Blessed themselves, with abundance of wealth, this peculiar whim of the grandfather occasioned surprise, but without exciting any regret; and as the infant boy bore the name of his grandfather—Alfred—it was looked upon as an act in strict accordance with the antiquated notions of the former, who brought with him from England a portion of the aristocratic feeling of his native country. The event created no change in their domestic arrangements or relations, further than a determination to rear him up in a way befitting his exalted destinies. He reached the age of four years, the pride and darling of his parents, whose happiness seemed imperfect until this sweet and dearly beloved child was given to their arms. Young as he yet was, there was nothing wanting which might indicate to his tender and ductile mind the path in which he was to walk, and the premise which he gave of growing up the pride and honor of his worthy parents, was dashed by no mitigating clause whatever. Before this child, however, had reached the age of five years, a second son was given to the arms of this most worthy couple—a solace, perhaps, for the terrible calamity which was now so soon to overtake them. While the mother was yet unrecov-ered from her indisposition, little Alfred, carelessly amusing himself one evening with a group of children of his own age, a short dis-tance from his father's house, was suddenly missed by the anxious parent as he came down from the chamber of his sick wife. The evening was far advanced, the shutters of the neighboring houses were fast closing up, and the young urchins who had been the child's companions, could give no satisfactory intelligence of him. All they knew was that they had left him the last upon the play-ground.—The town bell-man was immediately despatched throughout the city—the neighbors volunteered to aid the afflicted parent in searching the neighborhood during the whole night, but

all without avail. Not a shadow of intelligence could they obtain of little Alfred, and the half distracted couple, even in the hour of gladness for the new addition to their cares, were forced to the conclusion that all present exertions for their lost son were hopeless.—Rewards were offered in handbills circulated far and wide—but no tidings reached them of their too dearly loved child. A group of beggar-women were said to have been observed in the neighborhood for a week or two previous, and the children declared they were also on their play-ground the same evening that Alfred was missed. Now, however, they had disappeared, nor could the most diligent enquiry elicit any traces whatever of the wandering gang.

A vague suspicion flashed across the minds of the afflicted parents, too dreadful to be tho't of, which still haunted them, in spite of every effort to believe the child had merely wandered off to some strange neighborhood, and that he would be returned to their embraces the moment his parentage was known. The mother, agonised beyond the power of language to describe, was seized with an illness rendered doubly alarming by her delicate situation, and which the continued absence of her first-born child served to place effectually beyond the reach of medicine. A slow fever fastened on her nerves, which the caresses of her new born infant were unable to banish, though they alone supported her in the overwhelming calamity that had paralysed her faculties. As month after month rolled on, without any tidings reaching them of Alfred, the efforts of the husband were still unceasing; and though his own heart secretly mis-gave him, yet he endeavored to cheer up the broken heart of his beloved wife, to hope that their lost one would yet be speedily returned to them.

It were in vain to attempt a description of the feelings which rent the bosoms of the fond couple at the unexpected and mysterious bereavement they had experienced. Those only who have known the deep affection of a parent for his offspring—the absorbing and ever restless anxiety of parental love—can approach to an estimate of the soul-felt agony which thrilled the bosoms of this worthy pair. My purpose, however, is to narrate facts, not to break out in labored rhapsodies in which my own experience has no share—I therefore pass onward in my narrative.

Three long years passed over upon leaden wings, and yet this child returned not. His continued absence, accompanied as it was by no hope, however dim, of ever being able to ascertain his fate, added to the mental disease which bore down the health and spirits of his mother to the earth. Long musing on his fate—sleepless nights, rendered terrible by dreams in which a mother's active fancy conjured up a thousand horrors for her child—the certain passage of time from months into years, and yet no tidings—all contributed to shatter and break up a constitution at no time strong or vigorous. The very uncertainty which hung around the disappearance of Alfred, only added agony to the bereavement. Had the little smiler been taken from her embraces by death—had she seen his dear form

deposited within the everlasting resting place of all mortality—the certainty that he was gone forever could have been endured a thousand times more cheerfully. But now—what might be his fate? Perhaps the slave of some hard hearted task-master—perhaps treading in the paths of early wickedness—perhaps pining in sickness with no kind hand to minister to his disease. No wonder that with such fears upon her mind, the health of his fond mother drooped and withered.

One mild summer evening, about four years after the disappearance of Alfred, in the long twilight of August, she was sitting at the parlor window which looked into the street where Alfred had so often sported, musing on the unhappy lot which providence had cast before her, when a slight rap at the front door for a moment arrested her attention, and banished every thought of her long lost child.—The hour was early, yet none besides herself were at home, and she got up hastily to let in the stranger. On reaching the entry, she beheld upon the marble step the figure of a beggar, while two little boys, apparently overcome with heat and fatigue, were stretched upon the step beside her. The mendicant, like the beggar in the streets of Philadelphia twenty years ago, presented an appearance in which all the elements of vice and misery, seemed grouped up together with appalling vividness. Her face was bloated with intemperance, and her palsied hand shook with the tremor of an aspen, as she stretched it forth with instinctive eagerness to ask for bread. But she to whom her supplications were addressed had fixed her mind upon another object. As the mendicant spoke, one of the little boys upon the marble steps had raised himself up, and resting himself on one hand, was gazing with singular intentness on the face of the bereaved mother, as if his childish mind had recognised the lineaments of one from whom he had so long been parted. His age was probably eight years—but misery, ill treatment, and the occupation of a beggar united, had blurred and scarified the features of as sweet a child as ever fondled in the arms of a doating parent. The mother too, gazed on the boy with a look of wild intensity which awed the reeling mendicant into silence. She ceased her supplications, and stepped back a few paces, soothed by the incoherent and alarming gestures of the lady she urged for bread. Still the latter gazed on without uttering a word, and the child too, looked up with a terrified eagerness, as if the object of his regards had been seized with some sudden and alarming illness.—But she looked down upon the child unmoved. No friendly gush of tears, ever ready at other times, came now to moisten and unrivet her eyes—no words came hastening to her lips to breathe the thoughts of a heart already bursting with unutterable joy—but she sunk back against the wall of the entry, overcome with emotions which few indeed are ever doomed to feel, and breathing as her tottering frame stretched itself upon the floor, the faintly articulated words, “My child! My Alfred!”

But when she opened her eyes, and looked round her chamber on the numerous faces that crowded to the bedside, the form which still floated in agonizing visions before her

mind was no where to be seen. In vain she called the name of Alfred—her husband, terrified at the alarming nature of her grief, gently informed her he was still absent. Too true it was, the mother had recognised her child in the little beggar-boy whom accident had led to her own door. Yet no sooner had her strange demeanor been followed by a fainting fit, than the beggar instantly left the steps, soothed by the unusual scene she had witnessed, and perhaps jealous of the scrutinizing looks bestowed upon the two abused objects of charity she carried with her, as fitting inducements to the benevolence of a community most absurdly benevolent. No time was now lost in putting into requisition every possible means to gain possession of the child, whose mysterious abduction was now too clearly ascertained to be any longer doubted. Rewards were offered—money, in fortunes, was held out as an inducement for all men to exert themselves, and the circumstance was heralded throughout the city with an assiduity which must still be fresh in the memory of hundreds of our citizens. Still the missing Alfred remained absent. The mysterious hag who led him up and down as an object to extort compassion from the kind hearted, had so well adopted measures to secure a safe retreat, that all efforts to obtain a clew to her abode or haunts were utterly nugatory; and the parents upon whom this transient ray of happiness had beamed with the fullness of perpetual sunshine, sunk back into their former dull despondency. Yet the mother now and then was known to speak and think with more than usual cheerfulness. The single glance at the features of that precious child had lighted up a ray of hope within her, and the smile of her first-born, transient as it had been, had left an impression on her heart too vivid with delight to be obliterated, and she lived on in hope, feeding her imagination with the sweet anticipation that her boy was yet to be restored to her embraces.

But my narrative grows tedious, and I must hasten to a close. Meantime the second child—William—had grown up to man’s estate, and still his brother had never been restored. He launched out in business at an age when experience was unknown to him, and for a while a prosperous tide bore him onward to success. But at length reverses came. More from the mismanagement of others, than from any imprudence of his own, the house became insolvent, and the creditors, clamorous for the payment of their dues, levied upon and sold whatever they could find. A balance of large amount still remained unpaid, though every thing had been converted to their use, and the creditors, obtaining information that a large estate had been bequeathed to William by his grandfather, immediately commenced proceedings to convert it to the payment of their debts. This step at once tore open afresh the wounds of his parents, which the lapse of more than fifteen years had in some degree served to heal. William could not be considered the eldest son of his father, because his elder brother’s death was totally beyond the reach of proof. It mattered nothing that his parents had long since given him up for lost: there was still no evidence to prove that he was

dead, in which event only could William become the heir of any portion of his brother's great estate. Confused by this complicated and most extraordinary posture of affairs, the creditors retired from the contest with as much precipitancy as they had entered into it; and at the moment this is written, (as these events are of but recent occurrence) they have patiently concluded to await the issue of an event which involves details and circumstances so remarkable, as to be worthy of being considered a conspicuous incident in the annals of Philadelphia.

There is now living in the town of Fairfield, Conn. a man whose age was 103 on the 10th inst. His mental faculties still retain their vigor; and he is interesting in every respect. In modern times it is extraordinary to view a man who has seen the changes of a century—the rise and fall of empires—and in particular, the infancy and maturity of the United States. During his life, this State has increased from less than nine thousand, to its present dense population; and the advance made in the various improvements of which man is capable, have been far greater. He is indeed a wonder in our land—possessing a strong mind—exhibiting a comprehensive knowledge of the affairs of domestic life, and interesting himself in the management of all his concerns. He possesses a pacific disposition, easy in his manners, accomodating to his friends, gentle and affectionate in his deportment, affable with all who desire to converse with him; a christian in principle and by precept, devout in the service of his Maker, attached to the beauties of Holy Writ, making the first and great commandment of our Saviour his rule of life. About a year since his eyes became dim, and his hearing imperfect; his bodily powers failed at the same time, so that he cannot walk, but sits in his chair most of the day. He has ever been temperate, living a retired life: industrious, diligent and faithful in what he undertook, to a proverb. The lovers of novelty would be delighted with an interview with such an ancient man.—His name is Abel Hubble, and he resides with his grandson of the same name.

M. Lavisse, a wholesale wine merchant, who died a few months ago at Clermont, (France) left a will, containing the following singular clause:—"It is my particular wish, that the persons who attend my funeral, on their way to the burial ground, should stop before the coffee-house kept by M. Marchand—that there one of them should call me by name three times, and know if I am still alive; if I do not answer, it will be certain that I am no longer in this world. Thereupon, they shall enter the coffee-house and drink one hundred bottles of wine, to which biscuits or macaroons may be served, according to the wishes of the attendants. On returning, they shall again enter my house, and empty as many bottles as the attendants may require, commencing at No. 20 to 120 inclusive. They have all *etiquettes* (labels,) which I myself put on the bottles, for it should be remembered, that altho' I hated ceremony, I liked *etiquette*."

*Palm Leaf Hats.*—This description of hats, which have recently come into extensive use in this city and elsewhere, are manufactured to a surprising extent in New England, but principally in Massachusetts. It is believed that this year alone upwards of two millions of hats have

already been made, the average value of which is about three dollars a dozen, amounting to about half a million of dollars. In Worcester county it is supposed half the quantity above stated have been made. The leaf is imported from the Island of Cuba; last year six hundred tons, worth fifty thousand dollars, were received.—The hats are made at the dwellings of the inhabitants, by girls from four years old and upwards, and are then sold to the country merchants, who collect them together and send them to the Boston, New York, Philadelphia and other markets. They are made of every quality, varying from 25 cents to 2 dollars each, and suited to the man of fashion or the laborer.

**STARVING JURIES.**—We have always considered this requisition of the common law as a barbarous relic of antiquity, which should be scouted from our jurisprudence. What is the value of an opinion extorted from the fainting energies of nature? It is a mean, contemptible appeal to a man, to address his mind and conscience through the medium of his stomach, to say nothing of the inhumanity of compelling him, through fear of starvation, to stifle the operations of conscience, and act in opposition to his settled convictions of propriety. If a juror should die from the effects of hunger, what cognizance would be taken of this judicial murder? If a jailor should starve a felon under sentence of death, he would be hung for it, but it seems there is no harm in starving a juror. Judges frequently hesitate in the formation of their opinion for weeks, but who ever heard of a proposal to imprison or starve a judge until he decided a cause. Judges, too, where the Courts are so constituted, are allowed to differ, and the majority governs—but jurymen are not permitted to differ or hesitate. It is high time a regulation so absurd in principle and cruel in practice, should be done away.

**MRS. HEMANS.**—As the literary public generally, and especially the fairer portion of them, feel an interest in the life of this gifted woman, the following particulars respecting her will probably be acceptable. She was in Liverpool on the 13th of April, from which port she was expected to sail in a few days for Dublin. She has chosen the latter city for her future residence. Recent travel, the many attentions forced upon her time by her extensive correspondence with the various celebrated publications of Europe, and the demands of cultivated society, had rendered the state of her health somewhat uncertain. No one has more correct notions of American life and character, than Mrs. Hemans. In the red men of the New World, their present condition and future destiny, she manifests a deep and kindly interest. On this particular subject she has written with a pathos and beautiful fidelity which have never been surpassed.

**CROLY.** in his life of George the Fourth, states that George the Third, in the height of his popularity, became so sensitive to the attacks made upon him by the opposition, in consequence of the appointment of Lord Bute as prime minister, that he is said to have conceived the idea of abandoning England and retiring to Hanover. At one time, his inclination to take this step was so great, that he communicated it to the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who honestly told him, that "though it might be easy to go to Hanover, it might be difficult to return to England."

## THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 23.

The venerable JAMES MONROE died on the 4th inst. at New York. It seems indeed as if the finger of the Almighty was visible in the remarkable coincidence of three Great Patriots dying on the anniversary of their country's birth day. He was 72 years old. He entered the army at 18 years of age, and marched under Washington as a Lieutenant, in the retreat through Jersey. He volunteered to attack the Hessians at Trenton, and assumed the command of his company when Captain Washington fell. He was severely wounded in the neck, and carried from the field. He stood by La Fayette, when the latter was wounded at Brandywine; and was subsequently selected by Congress to command a regiment, which was to be raised by Virginia.

**OUR PRESIDENTS.**—There are many curious facts in the history of our Presidents. There have been (including the present) *seven*. The names of *four* of them, ended in the letters *ox*. The names of three of them ended in the letters *son*, but neither of these three had a *son*. All of them were married; but three of them were childless. The son of the only one, that had a son, was one of the seven. *Four* of the *seven* are dead;—and three of them died on the fourth of July!

**MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.**—The Treasurer of the Monumental Committee acknowledges, in the Fredericksburg Herald of the 8th inst. the receipt of \$775, towards erecting a monument to Mrs. Washington, on or near the spot where her ashes repose. Of this sum \$550 was collected in New Orleans. Tardy justice!—just like the Americans!

In that part of Lieutenant Paulding's *Journal of a Cruise*, in which he relates the visit to the Marquesas Islands, and his interview with a chief in the Happah valley, he describes the wife of the chief, as naturally a pretty girl, who had made herself a hideous looking object. She had smeared her face all over with a coarse yellow paint, upon which were drawn streaks of black and green, than which nothing could have appeared more disgusting. She assumed a look and manner of affectation, such as may often have been observed in some self-approving beauty, who, conscious of her charms, feels that she is an object of admiration to all around her.—When the Lieutenant, after having given her to understand that he did not approve her style of ornament, visited her in the evening, she was without any ornament, and looked all the better for it.—The Happahs stripped off the hard husks of the cocoa-nut, without the aid of any thing but their teeth. Among them, all the food which is held in high estimation by the men is forbidden to the women. At a pool, Lieutenant Paulding observed a female teaching an infant a few months old, to swim. She would occasionally let it go in the water, when it would make a slight effort, and no doubt, says our author, was taught to swim almost as soon as it could walk. In the eastern-most of the Mulgrave Islands, the natives wear wreaths of flowers round their heads; bracelets and necklaces of beautiful shells, and a large roll of leaves, from one to two inches in diameter, through slits in their ears.

## CLIPPINGS.

**Improvement in Stores.**—Some stores are now building at New York, the floors of which are upon the inclined plane construction; they rise gradually from front to rear, and will, it is supposed, enable the occupant to display his goods to better advantage.

**White Washing.**—One of the cheapest and best modes of preparing the white wash, is to use skim milk with new slacked lime. This renders it adhesive, and it does not fall off as quick as when the lime is wet with water.

**Advance of the West.**—It is stated that wheat which twelve years ago was worth 31 cents a bushel, on the borders of Lake Erie, now fetches 75 cents; and the value of many other products, and of the land, have increased proportionably. These effects are attributed entirely to the New York and Welland Canals.

**Liberty and Equality.**—The Duke of Saxe Weimer, travelling in Philadelphia, drove out to visit the Schuylkill Falls. The next morning, standing at the door of the hotel, he was accosted by the coachman in the following apostrophe:—“Are you the man that I drove in the coach yesterday? because I am the gentleman who drove you, and I have come to be paid!”

**Quick Travelling.**—On the morning of Christmas day, one hundred and fifty turkeys arrived in London by the Bath coach, and in less than an hour afterwards, the greater portion of them were at *Spit Head*.

According to the Warren (Pa.) Union of the 21st ult. business had then, for ten paces past, been almost entirely suspended in that village, on account of “anxiety on the subject of religion.” The editor had not been able to publish his paper on the 14th, and the shops had frequently been all closed.

It is mentioned in the Southbridge Register as a remarkable fact, that although Boston cannot sustain two theatres, Southbridge supports two circuses.

The New Bedford Gazette states that Mr. Dudley Davenport has removed the large mansion of Mr. Abraham Russell, at the head of Union Street, four hundred feet, with its four stacks of chimneys and all the furniture. So gentle was the operation that the clock in the house kept and struck the hours regularly.

**Optical Deception.**—It is stated by a traveller and observer on the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad, that while travelling at the rate of 12 or 15 miles per hour, objects from the carriage window, appear as they do from a stage coach, to recede, or move in an opposite direction to that of the carriage; but when the speed increases to 24 and 30 miles in the hour, they no longer appear to recede, but to move in the direction of the carriage. This is explained on philosophical principles.

The political aspect of the United States is ludicrous enough; circumspection, the sheet anchor of the knowing ones, is most carefully cherished, and every veering of the partisan needle closely observed, to ascertain upon whom they shall concentrate their attention, with a presumability of remuneration.

About one hundred and thirty thousand pounds of wool have been purchased in the village of Ontario, N. Y. the present season, for which the farmers of Canandaigua county have been paid about \$80,000, mostly in cash.

A young man of the name of Campaynard, lost his life recently at Montreal by drowning, in the performance of a foolish wager which he had made, of being able to swim under a raft. He failed in its execution, and was shortly after taken out a corpse.

When salmon first made their appearance in Boston, this season, they were sold for two dollars a pound! A couple, weighing 25 lbs. each were sent to New York, and \$100 were paid for them.—It is said, that in olden time, it was an article in apprentices' indentures, in Boston, that they should not be compelled to eat salmon more than twice a week.

## THEATRICAL.

**WALNUT STREET.**—On Monday evening was presented the new and affecting drama of *Comrades and Friends, or Life for Life*; first time in this city: the plot is something similar to *Damon and Pythias*—it was effectively played, and elicited unbounded applause from a very full house—it deserves a good run. After the play, Mr. J. R. Smith, jr.'s painting of the signing of the Declaration of Independence was displayed in the back-ground on the stage, and *Hail Columbia* played and sung in full chorus by the company—the front of the Theatre being decorated with numerous flags in honor of the day. After which, (as the bills say) the laughable farce of the Colonel's Come, which by the way, is a merry little affair. On Tuesday, Mr. Barton made his first appearance at this Theatre in the character of *Virginius* to a respectable house—Miss A. Fisher looked very well as *Virginia*. The farce of the Two Gregories followed. On Wednesday the tragedy of *William Tell*, the part of the Swiss patriot by Mr. Barton—Albert was never better than in the hands of Miss Turner, and Mr. J. Fisher's *Brawn* was the best we have seen for some years. On Thursday, Mr. Barton's last night, the admirable Scottish drama of *Rob Roy McGregor* was presented, *Rob* by Mr. B. On Friday Messrs. *Cooper* and *Booth* appeared together in the first part of *Shakspeare's Henry the Fourth*, *Falstaff* by Mr. C.—Hotspur could not desire an abler representative than Mr. Booth.

**CHESNUT STREET.**—On Monday evening the interesting nautical melo-drama of the *Flying Dutchman* was revived—previous to which the historical play of *Columbus*. Mrs. Smith made the most of her part as *Lucy* in the melo-drama as usual. The usual time between the pieces is never suffered to hang heavy upon the audience. That valuable and interesting member of the corps, Miss Kerr, is always ready with one of her prettiest figures on the 'light fantastic toe,' and never fails to command deserved acknowledgements from the admirers of the delightful art in which she is allowed to excel.—Her professional worth and modest private deportment, should ensure her the good wishes of all.—Monday being the last of the summer season, the house was reopened on Thursday for an after-season of a few weeks, with the *Rolla* of Mr. A. Adams, and the *Sleep Walker* of Mr. Roberts, with imitations of celebrated actors.

**DESTINY**, by the author of *Marriage, and of Inheritance*.—Novel readers will not have forgotten that the stamp and approbation of Scott have been publicly given to the merits of *Marriage*, and will not therefore be surprised to hear that this new work from the same pen is dedicated to him. It is worthy of the high dedication. The author (this is a noun of the common gender) has, in *Destiny*, more than sustained the promise of its precursors, and given to the public, who will read novels, a book that will be read, not only with delight, but with profit. The characters of *Edith*, of *Captain and Mrs. Malcomb*, of *Glenroy*, and above all, of good and faithful and ever cheerful "Molly Macauley," are admirably imagined and sustained. The interest is kept up naturally, and without flagging; and the sentiments, conveyed in the purest language, are of the most ennobling kind.—*N. Y. American*.

## LITERARY.

*The American Popular Reader, or Lessons for Junior Classes: by Thomas Hughes; Philadelphia, Key & Mielke, 1831.*

This little volume contains a little of everything, with the rare merit of the principal portion being well adapted for the "junior class." It is in fact a sort of newspaper, and therefore is excellent, for in the compass of two hundred pages, upwards of one hundred subjects of great interest are judiciously treated of, and in a style adapted to the taste of old heads as well as young ones. The articles are from the best sources, and on the whole, perhaps the *American Popular Reader* is destined to become as great a favorite with the juvenile public as it seems to merit.

*The Persian Adventurer, being the Sequel of The Kuzzilbash: by J. B. Frazer, Esq.; Philadelphia, Carey & Lea, 2 vol. 12 mo. 1831.*

These volumes are good reading of themselves, without the *Kuzzilbash*, of which they may be considered the regular conclusion. They are the history of a soldier's career, principally in the service of a great conqueror, replete with military enterprise and hazardous adventure. The author modestly hopes "the reader will receive in good part his humble efforts to instruct or amuse, and to visit with leniency his faults and failings." But we shall allow him to speak for himself, by giving his picture of the captivity and punishment of a chief—

"The chief himself, wounded in body and broken in spirit, was brought before me, as the commander of the party—the humble organ of his majesty's pleasure. Well did he know that for him there was no mercy. When I reminded him of his crimes, upbraided him with his mad obstinacy, and declared his doom, the pale, gloomy countenance of *Afghaun* lighted up with a gleam of indignant fire:—'What I have done, is done,' said he.—'I have lived your master's foe, and his foe I will die. What good cause has he given me to love him?' demanded he, throwing a darkening glance on the ruin around him; the energy of his mind rose superior to his situation, and I began to be moved with admiration of his constancy, and compassion for his fate, when the *Saafee* at that moment stepped forward like a messenger of evil:—'Tyrant!' said he, in a hoarse unnatural voice, 'the day of reckoning is come at last. Remember Ibrahim *Mullich*!—Such as the house of Ibrahim was rendered by the arm of *Waled Abbas*, such is the house of *Waled Abbas* this day, smitten through the might of the Omnipotent, by the hand of his servant *Poyundeh*! My lord, the murderer of my father stands before me!—I demand the price of blood—I claim this man as my due—the reward of my promised aid.'

"In a moment the proud flush left the cheek of the *Meer*, as he heard the address of *Poyundeh*. His eye quailed beneath the withering frown of the young *Saafee*. But his hardihood at length revived, and he returned his haughty gaze with equal scorn. 'Thy aid, thou coward traitor! and darest thou boast that to thee the *Afghaun* power owes this last blow? Base fool! treacherous worm! thou art beneath my curses. Had Allah not seen fitting to pour out his wrath upon his people, where then had been thy pitiful revenge? Chief of the troops of *Nadir*! I am thy prisoner; and as such I claim to be conducted to the foot of that throne of which thou art the servant.'

"'Prisoner,' replied I, 'the orders of my master are these: that wheresoever *Waled Abbas* may be taken, on that spot shall he meet his doom.—The youth before thee claims of thee the price of blood. He hath, moreover, named that just revenge as the only reward of his services; and my word is passed that into his hands thou shalt be de-

livered. Such is our sacred law, the injunctions of our holy faith; and far be it from Ismael to break his oath, or contravene these venerable mandates, even had his prisoner merited another fate. Young Saafee, behold thy victim! take and deal with him as it seemeth good to thee. But his head must be laid at the feet of the king of kings, in proof that his behests have been obeyed.'

"Holy Prophet! is this thy justice?" exclaimed the unfortunate Meer, who, fearless of death itself, was yet appalled at the thought of being thus tamely delivered into the hands of one, who conscience told him, had too much cause to be his mortal foe. 'Can a warrior, and a bold one, denounce a doom like this upon a brave man, who has only asserted his own freedom, and repelled the enemies of his country with all his might? Once more I appeal to thy honor as a soldier. See, I am ready!—let me but die by the stroke of a scimitar, as a soldier should meet his death. I seek not to live. Why should I? My family and my tribe are gone—destroyed—cut off. What have I left to live for?—But let me not fall bound, by the horrid knife of a mean cowardly assassin!'

"The poignant energy of his appeal penetrated my very soul. I looked at the young Saafee; but the expression of his countenance was dark and impenetrable. Still I hesitated: he saw the workings of my soul, and doubtless dreaded the consequences. 'My lord,' said he, 'I claim your promise. The blood of my father and my brothers—the spirits of my kindred cry out from their graves upon their kinsman—my soul has no peace.' I saw that all was in vain, and contended no farther. May Allah be my help! as I strove to do my duty, as I acted according to my belief of what that duty was: but the pale and noble countenance of the Afghaun chief as he stood helpless before me—his tongue now mute—but his deep-set eyes fixed upon mine with a stern upbraiding look—that look I never can forget. Long after did it haunt my imagination with a force which though my conscience denied, my heart was forced to acknowledge.

"But the worst was spared both to himself and me. The interview I have described took place in the court of the Meer's own dwelling, in front of the building which had been his own dwaukhaneh. Of this court, one side was formed by the external wall of the fort, which, rising to a considerable height above the giddy precipice, terminated in a terrace and parapet accessible from the court by a flight of steps. The whole of this little court, which had been laid out with some attention to comfort and neatness, was now thickly strewed with ghastly mangled bodies, and the buildings were smeared with blood and blackened with smoke. In one corner of this scene of carnage a horse cloth had been hastily spread for me, and upon it I was seated when the prisoner was brought before me. Sickening with an indescribable feeling of emotion at the conviction of what was about to ensue, but unable any longer to prevent or retard the catastrophe, I made the signal to the guards who held the Meer, that they should deliver him into the possession of the claimant; and they accordingly transferred the shawl by which his arms were bound into the hands of the young Saafee; while I, hating the sight, turned away my eyes. But they were speedily recalled. I heard the voice of Waled Abbas exclaim: 'Is it indeed thus?—then have I but one resource!—and watching his opportunity, before the Saafee had rightly secured his hold, he sprung from between the guards, and wounded as he was, rushed with the rapidity of light up the steps of the parapet. Every arm was paralyzed, and the beating of each heart was arrested for a moment as the lofty figure of the Meer appeared standing on the giddy verge. 'Tyrants and fools!' exclaimed he in tones of ineffable scorn, 'I despise—I spit at ye! I am beyond your power.' With these words he bounded into the air, and such was the awful silence which prevailed, that the crash of his falling body was heard distinctly ascending from the abyss below.

"When we awoke from our sudden stupor of surprise, every man rushed forward to the fatal para-

pet. But what remained for us to see?—A mangled quivering carcass, senseless as the hundreds strewed around us, was no longer an object of vengeance or of punishment. With drooping head, and in fixed and moody silence, did the Saafee gaze upon the remains of his deadly foe; and it was with difficulty that we dragged him from the spot where it lay. The sight seemed to have blasted all his faculties. In sullen apathy he accompanied us back to the camp, and received in common with the officers of our party a dress of honor, and the warm applauses of his majesty. Even such distinguished honors failed to rouse him from his moral stupor. He continued, it is true, to perform his duty well, and few exerted themselves more bravely in action; but the chilling gloom of his manner remained until the day of his death, which occurred not long after, in a skirmish near Peshawur.—When mortally wounded, it was said that his eye regained for a moment its wonted fire, and he was heard to exclaim with fervor: 'It is enough!—it is enough!—Father! brothers!—now I shall be at peace!'"

Another instance of summary punishment by an arbitrary Persian ruler will afford some idea of the little value placed on human life—

"There were some about his person whose vanity betrayed them into imprudences of this nature, for which they seldom failed to suffer. It was such a piece of impudent folly that east Jaffer Beg Khan Jolloyer no less than his life; for, presuming on the notice he had obtained from his royal master, by a shrewdness of observation and ready wit, exhibited at the private parties to which he had the honor to be admitted, the senseless fellow had the temerity to lift up his voice in full durbar, and tender his opinion unasked on the subject of a proclamation connected with certain political arrangements of state. The countenance of the king darkened as he spoke, and the impudent wretch cowered under his frown. 'Now curses light upon thee for a meddling fool, who is not worth the air he eats! who knows not when to speak in season, and has not sense enough to distinguish between Nadir Koolee and Nadir Shah!—Our royal name will be polluted by his unseemly conversation.—But that must be prevented:—away with him there!—let his mouth be stopped by the bow-string!'"

As we said before, these volumes contain much information respecting the manners and customs of some of the eastern nations, while the regular narrative is pleasantly interspersed with sketches of individual history of an interesting character. The story of Hooseinee, for instance, is an affecting tale, and we regret that our limits prevent us inserting it entire.

We have given several extracts from the last Volume of the *Encyclopædia Americana*, and have marked some others for insertion. Of this great undertaking the Commercial Advertiser speaks in the following language:—

"*Encyclopædia Americana*.—The sixth volume of this work has recently been published. In alphabetical order it continues the series of articles under the latter part of G. and includes those under H. and half of those under I. The first article, which occupies forty-eight pages, is a compact account of Greece—of its ancient history, language and literature; of its modern revolution, modern language and literature; and of the Greek church. The last article is on the Indian languages of America; and is a fine philosophical essay. We mention these articles in particular, to show the alphabetical progress of the work. The present volume abounds in equally important treatises, written with the fullness of information, and terseness and excellence of style, which characterise the work.—We have spoken of its general merits so often, that without going into detail, we can say nothing which would not be mere repetition, in relation to the particular execution of this volume. We would

however, continue to impress upon those who wish to obtain in a cheap and convenient manner what is a valuable library in itself, that they will do well to procure the volumes as they successively issue from the press. When it shall have been completed, the actual cost will no doubt be me greater. It is a laborious undertaking, and a new edition may probably not be expected for a long period of time.— There are but few publishers who wield so much capital, and employ it in the publication of such sterling works as Carey & Lea."

*Narrative of the War in Germany and France, in 1813 and 1814; by Lieut. Gen. Charles William Vane, Marquess of Londonderry, &c. : Philadelphia, Carey & Lea.*

This is quite as much a *political* as a military narrative. The author, although professing to give but "what a soldier's eye hath seen," has looked upon these campaigns more as a politician than a warrior. It is the change in the relations of powers, more than the glory of arms that seems to engage his chief attention. This to be sure is the natural result of the position he occupied, and the bias has been felt by him without any disposition on his part to acknowledge it. But it is rather an advantage to his reader. We think that his political speculations will be found by far the most interesting part of his work, and will create a great desire that he should redeem a promise, conditionally made, that he will one day lay before the world a succinct history of the diplomatic campaigns of this interesting period.

Considered as a general view of the military transactions of Europe during these two important years, the work before us is entitled to no little merit. From it may be obtained a clear idea of the movements and combinations of two hostile forces, each embracing a numerical strength of 300 or 400,000 troops. In operations of this sort, our author must, of course, lose sight of individual actions, and pass over those chivalric encounters which give so much effect to the description of battles on a smaller scale. Yet enough of this is retained to prevent the interest in the work from flagging, and enough of the soldier's spirit is constantly thrown in to keep us keenly alive to every hostile movement of either army. We think that the Marquess might advantageously have spared his readers some few of the contemptuous expressions applied to Napoleon and his officers, and that he should have recollected in describing the following scene, that the enthusiasm of the Parisians is not unfrequently excited by "wine and a piece of money"—

"I feel it impossible to convey an accurate idea, or a just description of the scene that presented itself on the 31<sup>st</sup> in the capital of the French empire, when the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, and Prince Schwartzzenberg, made their entry at the head of the allied troops.

The enthusiasm and exultation generally exhibited must have very far exceeded what the most sanguine and devoted friend of the ancient dynasty of France could have ventured to hope; and those who were less personally interested, but equally ardent in that cause, could no longer hesitate in pronouncing that the restoration of their legitimate king, the downfall of Buonaparte, and the desire of peace, had become the first and dearest wish of the Parisians, who had by the events of the last two days been emancipated from a system of terror and anarchy which it is impossible to describe, and from a state of ignorance of what was passing around them, in which they had been hitherto kept by the arts of falsehood and deceit, almost incredible to an en-

lightened people, and incomprehensible to the reflecting part of mankind.

The cavalry under His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Constantine, and the guards of all the allied forces, were formed into columns early in the morning on the road from Bondy to Paris.— The Emperor of Russia, with all his staff, his generals, and the suites present, proceeded to Pantin, where the King of Prussia joined him with a similar *cortege*. The sovereigns, surrounded by all the princes, and generals in the army, together with the Prince Field Marshal and the Austrian etat-major, passed through the barrier of Paris, and entered the Fauxbourg St. Martin about eleven o'clock, the Cossacks of the guard forming the advance of the march. The crowd was already so great, and the acclamations were so general, that it was difficult to move forward; but before the monarchs reached the Porte St. Martin to turn on the boulevards, it was next to impossible to proceed. All Paris seemed to be assembled and concentrated on one spot; one mind and one spring evidently directed their movements. They thronged in such masses around the Emperor and the King, that notwithstanding their condescending and gracious familiarity shown by extending their hands on all sides, it was in vain to attempt to satisfy the populace, who made the air resound with the cries of "Vive l'Empereur Alexandre! Vive le Roi de Prusse! Vivent nos Libérateurs!" Nor were these cries alone heard; for with louder acclamations, if possible, they were mingled with those of "Vive le Roi! Vive Louis XVIII! Vivent les Bourbons! A bas les tyrans!" The white cockade appeared very generally, and many of the national guards whom I saw wore them."

We shall close our extracts to-day; with his reflections on Russian power, reserving the battle of Dresden, as well as the review of the Russian forces at Verter for a future occasion—

"If we consider the power of Russia, unassailable as she is, in flank or rear, hovering over Europe with an immense front, mistress of the Caspian, the Euxine, and the Baltic, with forty millions of hardy, docile, brave, enthusiastic, and submissive inhabitants, with immense armies, highly disciplined, excellently appointed; her innumerable hordes of desolating cavalry, her adoption of the French maxims in war, of making the countries where her armies march, or are cantoned, feed and maintain them, what may we not fear from her? When we further consider this power flushed with success, and disposed to consider treaties and engagements with her as waste paper, if they stood in the way of any project of aggrandizement; and if we further contemplate her determined will to surmount every barrier which engagements have interposed, in order to advance herself into the heart of Germany, to supplant on one side the ancient dominion of Prussia; on the other, to turn the northern flank of Austria on the Vistula, as she has turned the southern on the Danube; and demanding, as it were, by the fortresses of Thorn and Cracow, the keys of Berlin and Vienna;—when we further reflect on the natural march of empires from north to south, from the regions of frost, and snow, and famine, to the climates of warmth, verdure, and fertility, and recollect the revolutions which have taken place in Europe, Asia, and Africa, from the desolating invasions of the northern hordes, what may we not fear and expect?

"When in addition to these circumstances, we further reflect upon the successive aggrandizements and incorporations Russia has made within the last one hundred and fifty years; the numerous Tartar tribes she has embraced within her military system; the provinces which she has successively added to her empire from Persia, the Porte, Sweden, and Poland; that her whole system of government is a military despotism, and nothing known or regarded in it but military subjection on the one hand, and military property, military rank, and military honors, on the other, what may not be the results? If we consider all these circumstances in all their

bearings and dependencies, is there a serious and reasonable man in Europe that must not admit that the whole system of European polities ought, as its leading principle and feature, to maintain, as an axiom, the necessity of setting bonds to this formidable and encroaching power? Weighed against this superior and imperative duty,—a duty urged by all the motives of self-preservation, every minor and secondary consideration, resulting whether from ancient rights or claims, from family feelings and alliances, from views of future political combination and power, ought to be postponed and disregarded. There was no better physical or moral safeguard against the stupenduous greatness with which the continent might, ere long, be menaced and overwhelmed by Russia, than in the personal character of the reigning Emperor Alexander; a mixture of benevolence and rectitude, a high sense of religion, and a generous view on all subjects.—These afforded, in my mind, the only and best guarantee against the far too formidable legions that were then defiling over the Rhine; and that guarantee we have, alas! lost."

#### THEATRICAL.

**WALNUT STREET.**—A rich treat was served up to play-goers at this establishment on Monday evening. Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar, with *Booth* as Cassius, *Barton* as Brutus, and *Cooper* as Mark Anthony, together with the petite comedy of Matrimony, were the entertainments; and the long and loud applause repeatedly bestowed upon the performance, testified the gratification experienced by an overflowing house. Mr. Cooper was in much better voice than usual. Mr. Pepper's Kathleen O'Neil was repeated on Tuesday evening to a very good house. Rowe's tragedy of Jane Shore has rarely been as powerfully cast, or as well played, as on Wednesday night, it being unusually starry—Booth playing Gloster, Cooper Hastings, Barton Dumont, and Mrs. Duff, Jane Shore. She is engaged for a few nights. On Thursday the new scenic drama of Tuckatomba, or the Sorceress, for the Benefit of Mr. J. R. Smith Jr. the artist of the establishment. Shakspeare's Henry the Fourth, was repeated on Friday night, Falstaff Mr. Cooper, and Hotspur Mr. Booth.

**CHESNUT STREET.**—The favorite play of William Tell, was performed on Monday night, for the Benefit of Mr. Riley, the part of *Tell* by Mr. Pearson, who, though no veteran in the profession, appears to be a very graceful and natural performer. The deeply interesting melo-drama of Therese or the orphan of Geneva, followed; Carwin by Mr. Riley. The Opera of Rob Roy, was announced for representation on Tuesday evening, for the purpose of introducing a Mr. Bennet as the hero, but owing to his non appearance in time, Mr. Riley personated the character. On Wednesday the Romantic Fairy opera of the Forty Thieves, with other entertainments, for the benefit of Mr. Green. Madame Heloise did not appear, as announced in the Bills. On Thursday, Mr. Roberts's Benefit.

#### ON A HUMAN HEART.

AND was this loathsome clod, which now I grasp,  
The vital centre of a wond'rous world,  
Warning a bosom for pale love to clasp?  
Was this foul mass the marvel, where ensur'd,  
Like waves along the mighty ocean curl'd,  
High feelings rose, that would the stars defy?  
Was this the throbbing and dilating thing,  
That lent all splendid beauty to the eye,  
Made the lip burn with holy melody—  
And floated Fancy on her rainbow-wing!  
It was—a living and a human heart!  
What is it now?—Oh! let my soul depart!  
She's striken, and her glory disappears.

**DANISH WATCHMAN.**—It is a custom worthy our notice, that the Danish Watchman, as he goes his round at beat time, stops occasionally and puts up a prayer to God to preserve the city from fire. He also warns the inhabitants to be careful of their candles. This is quite right to join prayer to God with our own carefulness, and our own carefulness with prayer to God:—

“Father, whose all seeing eye  
Pierces darkness as the day,  
Safe within thy care I lie,  
Hear me when I humbly pray.  
Thine I own, thy guardian power  
Keeps when sleep my sense enchains,  
Guards from harm in midnight hour  
Murderous hands or feverish veins.  
Guards from smouldering blazing fire  
Now beyond my utmost care,  
Though I see each spark expire,  
Still I trust to thee my prayer.”

**THE BOW OF WILLIAM TELL.**—Among other places pointed out to strangers as worthy of notice, at Zurich, I visited the arsenal, where one may receive a lesson of humility, in attempting to wield the swords, and to carry the armor, borne by the warriors of other days. I, of course, handled the bow, said to be the bow of William Tell—and the identical arrow that pierced the apple is also shown. I cannot conceive of what materials the sinews of that distinguished patriot were made, for the degenerate men of our time are obliged to use a machine with the power of the lever, to draw the cord even half way to the point at which the arrow is discharged. There is a vast collection of ancient armor preserved, and modern equipments for more than all the able-bodied men in the canton.

**A DEXTEROUS EVASION.**  
The Doctor was just on the very last stair  
Tow'rs the room of his son, when of damsels a pair  
Escap'd by the opposite door:  
Whilst the youth had just time to lay hold of a book,  
And in it (assuming a sanctified look)  
He began most intensely to pore.  
When the Doctor beheld him, cried he overjoy'd,  
‘To see you, dear Richard, so wisely employed,  
Your affectionate father much pleases;  
But what are you reading?—your Blackstone?’—  
‘Why, no Sir,  
I was only beguiling an hour or so, Sir;’  
‘But with what?’—‘Why, some *Fugitive Pieces*!’

**YOUTHFUL PHILOSOPHY.**—The young Princess Esterhazy was a great favorite of George IV. At a ball given in honor of his Majesty's birthday, the young ladies were each expected to kneel, and present him with a nosegay; but the princess declared, that as she was of royal blood, she would prefer death to such degradation.—The king received her graciously, notwithstanding her obstinacy; but her governess sent the child to bed immediately after dinner. ‘Good for the digestion,’ exclaimed the princess; which so enraged the governess, that she took her out of bed and whipped her soundly. ‘Good for the circulation,’ said the princess; and the next day the governess resigned.

‘So Captain Silk has just arrived at Versailles, I find,’ said a lady, ‘heavens, what a name for a soldier!’ ‘The best name in the world,’ said Horace Smith, who was standing near at the time, ‘for silk, you know, never can be worsted!’

A lady who rouged very highly, inquired of a gentleman, under the idea of indisposition, how he thought she looked, the latter replied, ‘I really cannot tell, Madam, except you uncover your face.’

## THINGS IN GENERAL.

We have been informed by an intelligent friend that there are from ninety to one hundred steam engines in operation in this city and liberties, in sixty of which number anthracite coal is used for fuel.—*Poulson.*

The Hon. Mr. Wirt, lately Attorney General of the U. States, has accepted his nomination, and consented to stand a candidate for Congress at Baltimore.

We are assured that this year's harvest, in the counties near the Susquehanna, promise to be very productive. The prospect appears to be similar throughout the State.

The Saratoga Sentinel of Tuesday, states that there were then twice as many visitors at that place as at the same period last year. And the Ballston Gazette states that several families from the south have already taken up their residence at the watering place for the season.

The young men of Boston have held a public meeting, and appointed a committee to take up collections in behalf of the Poles.

A Mr. Jennings, of New York, has invented a preparation of Spirits of Turpentine and Alcohol, which, burned in the same manner as oil, gives a most beautiful light.

*Literal Construction.*—The President of the Missouri Senate would not allow the door of the House to be closed in the coldest weather last winter, because the Constitution requires that each House shall sit with *open doors*.

The Boston Patriot states that a chap in the State Prison, who did not like to work, cut off the ends of three fingers of the left hand last week.

A gentleman in Washington, North Carolina, has appeared in a full suit of gray-mixt silk, the product of his own filaturity.

The "cut-worm" is destroying the corn crops in Tennessee. The Cotton has escaped from this injury, but is stinted by the cold season.

*Foresight.*—One of the stipulations between William Penn and the early settlers of this State was that, in clearing the land, one acre of trees should be left standing for every five acres cut down, and especially to reserve the mulberry and the oak, for silk and ship building.

*Strawberries.*—Judge Buel exhibited at the late horticultural show in Albany, a quantity of Methven strawberries, forty-seven of which divested of their stems, weighed a pound. Every berry is said to have exceeded four inches in circumference.

We understand, says the Washington Globe, and are authorised to state, that letters of recommendation, and applications for office, addressed to the Department of State, are carefully filed, and submitted to the President, before he makes the appointment which is solicited. This course being pursued with respect to all, no answers are returned to individual applications.

*A Good Customer.*—It is stated in a paper printed "down east," that a Mr. Salathiel Nickerson, of Barnstable, has had 14 children married by one clergyman, and has one more who is soon to give the minister another job in that line.

The officers of the York Railroad, the greatest work of the kind now in progress in England, have adopted the improved rail invented by Robert Stevens, Esq. the ingenious and enterprising American who lately visited England in behalf of the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company, and whose suggestion with regard to their Locomotive Engines were considered so important as leading to essential improvements in this wonderful machine.

A project is on foot for connecting the Tennessee and Mississippi by a railroad, from the Muscle Shoals to Memphis. The Huntsville Advocate affirms that a single capitalist, a gentleman of extensive information on this as well as on other subjects, and having no interest in the Tennessee Valley, has professed his willingness to take stock to the amount of \$100,000 in such a railroad.

The Siamese Twins have lately been exhibiting at New Haven. The editor of the Register at that place says—Solomon makes no mention of such twins in his day; but possibly he had a dreaming of future phenomena, when he exclaimed, "How can two walk together, except they be married."

*THE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON.*—A very romantic trait presents itself in the early acquaintance of the Hon. Miss Packenham and Colonel Wellesley, the future hero of Waterloo. They were both young; the lady petite in figure, but elegantly formed, and possessing beautiful features. The gallant colonel was ordered to India; previously pledging vows of unalterable attachment. His glorious career there is recorded on the page of history. On his return he found that the small pox had almost totally destroyed the loveliness of the lady's face. She told the soldier that she released him from his vows; but he was true to his attachment, and almost immediately married the object of his juvenile affections. Her grace died with her hand in that of her husband, and her body lay at Apsley House at the very moment the mansion was attacked by the mob on Wednesday.

One of the evil effects of the severity of the last winter, has been the almost entire extermination of that beautiful and interesting bird, the partridge. Its cheering note, perpetually saluting our ears at this season, is now rarely heard; and several years will be required for the reproduction of the number that has hitherto been usually found in the fields. Debarred from the granaries of nature, and oppressed by hunger, it approached the farm yard, as the only resort, where it was destroyed without mercy either by trap or gun, though at the time generally poor and unfit for use. We have heard of a few instances of some of these birds being turned out by the humane to propagate, but even most of these probably fell a prey to the merciless hawk, or still more merciless sportsman.

*SYMMES'S GHOST.*—The doctrine of John Cleves Symmes, that the earth is hollow, is not exploded. The Portsmouth Journal states that it yet lives and improves, in the essays of a correspondent of the Gardiner (Me.) Intelligencer. According to the improved theory, the interior is not only habitable, but inhabited—and then, as the Polar Ice and White Bears make the entrance somewhat hazardous, he has recourse to a miracle in order to get the people in, and to another to get them out.

Professor Henry, of Albany Academy, has had the honor of constructing by far the most powerful magnet that has ever been known.—This magnet is now arranged in its frame, in the laboratory of Yale College. Its weight, including armature and all, is only 82½ pounds, and it sustains more than a ton! It is eight times more powerful than any magnet hitherto known in Europe, and between six and seven times more powerful than the great magnet in Philadelphia.

Flour is said to be at twenty dollars a barrel in some of the West Indian Ports. What a pity that the hero of the following trading transaction could not transport himself and his load to such a market:—"A countryman in one of the Western States, with a load of meal drove up to a lady's door, when the following brief conversation took place: 'Do you want to buy any meal, ma'am?' 'What do you ask for a bushel?' 'Ten cents, ma'am, prime!' 'O, I can get it for a fip.' (In a despairing voice) 'Dear Lady! will you take a bushel for nothing?' 'Is it sifted?'"

**BIOGRAPHY.**

From the Encyclopædia Americana, Vol. 6.

**AN AMERICAN PATRIOT.**

Colonel John Eager Howard, an officer in the American Revolution, was born June 4, 1752, in Maryland, of a respectable family. When the colonies began their resistance to the mother country, he was appointed a Captain; and in December of the same year, 1776, he was promoted to a majority in one of the seven regiments organized in his native State. June, 1, 1779, he was appointed Lieutenant Colonel; and after the battle of Hobkirk's Hill, he succeeded to the command of the second regiment, in consequence of the death of Lieutenant Colonel Lord. Colonel Howard was one of the most efficient and conspicuous coadjutors of General Greene in the South. At the battle of the Cowpens, he especially distinguished himself, and may be said to have turned the fortune of the day, by a charge with fixed bayonets, which he headed; a mode of fighting then used for the first time during the war, and for which the Maryland Line became remarkable. At one period in this battle, Colonel Howard is said to have had in his hands the swords of seven British officers, who had surrendered to him personally. For his gallant conduct in this action, Colonel Howard received the thanks of Congress, and a silver medal. In the battle of Eutaw, the Maryland Line were ordered by Greene to attempt by repeated charges to drive the enemy from their position. In this service they were so cut up, that of the whole corps, Colonel Howard was left with only one commissioned officer, and 30 men. With this gallant little band, he was advancing again to the charge, when he received a severe wound, from the effects of which he never recovered entirely.

He was, however, continued in his command till the army was disbanded, when he retired to his large patrimonial estate near the city of Baltimore. He was also present at the battle of Germantown, White Plains, Monmouth, Camden, and Hobkirk's Hill. In November, 1783, he was chosen Governor of Maryland, which post he filled for three years. In 1796, he was elected to the Senate of the United States, and continued a member of that body until April, 1803. In 1798, when Washington was appointed to command the American Army, in the expectation of a war with France, Colonel Howard was selected by him for the post of Brigadier General. The declaration of the late war with Great Britain found Colonel Howard in complete retirement from the political world. But when the soil was invaded, he was among the foremost to repel the aggression. In the city of Baltimore, as in the other cities along the coast, it was found necessary to organize a committee of vigilance and safety, to whom was intrusted, by universal consent, such powers as became necessary in time of danger, and which exceeded the limits of the usual authorities.

Of this committee Colonel Howard was a member. After the capture of Washington, when the enemy were advancing on Baltimore, it was suggested in this body, that it would be best to capitulate, to save the city from destruction. Indignant at the proposition, Col. Howard rose and exclaimed, "I have, I believe, as much property in the city as any one of the committee, and I have four sons in the field; but I will sooner see my property in ashes, and my sons in their graves, than consent to listen to any proposal of capitulation." After the war, he retired again

to his estate, where he continued to reside until his death, in October, 1827. In private life he was distinguished for the amenity of his manners, the soundness of his judgment, his hospitality, and his extensive and useful knowledge. As a soldier and patriot, he deserved, said Gen. Greene, "a statue of gold no less than Roman and Grecian heroes."

**A BITE.**

"Oh ! Oh ! I'm bitten to death—I'm a dead man—I havn't two hours to live—Oh dear!" wildly exclaimed an honest countryman, not a hundred miles off, as he rushed into the house one dark evening—"I've been bitten by a rattle snake!"

"By a rattle snake!" asked some one present—"are you sure it was a rattle snake?"

"Sure ! Oh Lord ! I'm too sure; I heard him rattle and felt the bite as plain as day."

"Then it's a gone case with you," replied the compassionate neighbor, "and the sooner you make your will the better."

"Oh ! that I should be cut off in the prime of my days by such a cat-a-stro-phe ! that I should ever live to die by the bite of a rattle snake ! that it should be my fate to go out of the world swollen like a bladder & speckled as a serpent!"

"But where is the wound, Mister—"

"Here ! here ! on my instep—I had no stocking on. Oh ! I'm a dead man—there's no help for me. See how my foot swells!"

"Alack ! alackaday ! poor man I pity you, upon my soul I do. But there's no help—a rattle snake's bite is fatal—all the medicine in the world can't cure it. You might as well undertake to call a man from the dead as to cure the bite of a rattle snake!"

"But where was the snake?" asked a considerate man among the crowd who had run in on hearing of the fatal accident.

"Where was the snake do you say?" returned the bitten man in great agony—"he was behind the barn among the weeds."

"We had better go and kill him," said the considerate man, "before he has a chance to kill any body else."

"Oh mercy !" exclaimed several voices, "I wouldn't go near him for all the world."

Nevertheless the prudent man went, well armed with a club and furnished with a lantern; while some others cautiously followed at a distance to see the result. The man soon descried the cause of the mischief, still lurking among the weeds; but instead of striking the blow, he merely gave a whew-whistle, and returned to the house.

"Have you killed him?" asked the wounded man.

"Killed him ! why, you fool you, the rattle snake is nothing but a poor old *setting hen*, that had made her nest among the weeds, and merely pecked your foot to keep you from treading on her."

"The devil she did!" exclaimed the man with the swollen foot, leaping up two feet high, "then 'twas no rattle snake after all, hey ? Oh, Lord ! that ever an old *setting hen* should put me in such a fright. But I'm perfectly well now—my foot aint swelled a bit—the old *setting hen*, hey ?—Hoo—hoo—hoo !—But d—n her ! I say, for putting me in such a fright for nothing.—*Constellation*.

The regret men have for the time they have ill-spent, does not always induce them to spend what remains better.

## VARIETIES.

*Temperance in New Hampshire.*—According to a late report of the New Hampshire Temperance Society, as given in the New Hampshire Statesman, the consumption of ardent spirits in that State has been reduced in the proportion of about four-ninths, making an annual saving of expenditure in this article of \$268,000. The present consumption is estimated to be 2½ gallons to each individual of the State, at an annual cost of \$335,000.

Few of our readers, we imagine, can have any idea of the enormous quantity of eggs which pass through this town on their way from the Continent to London. The year before last no less sum than £9,000 was received at the Custom-house for duty on eggs imported from thence, the duty being at the rate of 10d for the long hundred (six score.) The number must therefore, have been 25,920,000. Large quantities are also imported from Ireland, 51 tons 15 ewt. of eggs having arrived at Liverpool in the Queen Adelaide steamer, lately from that country. This cargo was valued at from £1,000 to £1,200. The French eggs now sell for 6s. the hundred (six score.)—*Portsmouth Herald.*

*Tickling Trout.*—An old sportsman of our acquaintance, assures us that Trout may be taken with a wonderful degree of certainty, by the act of tickling. It is, says he, performed in this way;—Get your eye upon a good sized trout, walk carefully into the water just in his rear, place your hand just forward of his tail, and commence tickling along his belly towards his head. You must continue this operation until you have got your hand just anterior to the forward fins, when you are to slip the fore-finger dexterously through the gills, and whip the trout from his native element before he has had time to reflect on the ticklish condition in which he has been caught.

*Remarkable conduct of a Horse.*—The Centre-ville (Indiana) Times contains the following anecdote:—Mr Israel Abrahams, in the vicinity of this town, has a horse that will, of his own accord, pump a sufficiency of water for all the other horses on the farm. We have witnessed him when turned out into the barn yard, go directly to the pump, take the handle between his teeth, and throw the water with as much regularity as a man would, until he would pump enough for his companions and himself, when he would drink, and deliberately retire. No pains were ever taken, or means used to teach him a business which proves a great accomodation to himself, and relieves his owner of considerable labor.

Died lately in her 33d year Susannah, youngest daughter of Robert Boyd, of Scribe, near Seaford. Though born of parents rather below the middle size, this extraordinary girl, when nineteen years old, weighed 18½ stones. She measured seven feet one inch in length, and twenty-three inches across the chest. Her figure was remarkably well proportioned, not by any means clumsy, nor yet too slight.

*Retreat for the Insane.*—We have repeatedly heard of the great success which has attended the mode of treatment pursued with patients at the retreat for the insane at Hartford, Conn. but we have never had so distinct a knowledge of facts as may be gathered from the last Report of the Visitors of the Institution, from which it appears that 144 recent cases of insanity have been admitted, of which number 133, being more than nine-tenths, have been restored to reason.

We are very desirous to obtain the good offices of some gentleman in each of the following places, to act as Agent for the Ariel—In *New York*, Schenectady, Utica, Canton, Elmira, Troy, White Creek, Geneva, Rome, East Avon, Chazy, Cold Springs, Canandaigua, Buffalo—In *New Jersey*, Allowaystown—and at Princeton, Ky.; Louisville, Ky.; Mount Solus, Mi.; Columbus, O.; Putnam, O.; Natchez, La., and Darien, Ga. Any of our subscribers in the above places, who will be willing to perform the light duties required of an Agent, will oblige us by addressing the Editor immediately, at his expense. A liberal commission will be allowed.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters received from D E A, Port Royal, (\$5.)—The Ariel is regularly forwarded to H H, Mount Pleasant, O—O C P and W L H, Rome, N.Y., are credited in full.—H I H, Jonesville, N.Y.—I S W, Montpelier, Vt. (\$6.)—Our efficient friend at Tecumseh, Mich. T. is a "long way off." How shall we get the premiums to him? Will he have the goodness to point out a method. They are packed and ready for delivery.—S L S, sent but seven new names and we forward ten papers, two in his own name.—We have no impressions of the Skaneateles plate.—The paper for C R P, Elbridge, N.Y., is forwarded.—P H, Milford, Ms. received and credited.—J M, who wishes his paper changed to South Milford, must say where it is now sent; we cannot spare the time to hunt for it through several thousand names. D F B, Southbridge, Ms. (\$8.)—E K C, Fallston, Pa. (\$3.)—E P H, Hadley Up. Mills, total amount received from him is \$10; 7 copies will in future be sent to him, and one to Greenfield, as ordered.—I C, Sharon, Ms. received and credited in full.—I L P, Meredith, N.H., in full for Vol. 5.—The forbearance claimed by E D, Jr. Roadstown, is accorded him.—The Postmaster at East Evans, N.Y., has credit in full for Vol. 5.—W S C, late of Rossville, Ga., is received and credited.—B C, State Hill, received and credited.

"An Amâtre" should look to the matter himself—it is out of our province to publish strictures on religious sects, even if furnished to our hand, which is not done in his case.

We cannot answer the enquiry of "A Volunteer Contributor," though we should be glad to receive something from his pen. It is enough for us to say that The Town Tatler is not the production of *one* pen, nor are the incidents selected by the writers wholly fictitious. On the contrary, we *know* that many facts have been interwoven in those articles.

"The Fated Lady" is fated not to appear—at least until the story is "revised, corrected, and improved by the author."

Cock-fighting has never been extensively introduced into this country, though we occasionally have opportunities of observing the great interest which such battles inspire, from the crowds which invariably gather round a cock-fight in the streets. This sport was a favorite amusement with the Athenians, and is greatly relished by the sporting and gambling characters of London.

"No Slave" is sadly in the wrong. There is more freedom of the press beneath the palace walls of the Grand Turk, than there is in Philadelphia. The project he unfolds would never succeed.

The drama of "She Would be a Soldier, or the Plains of Chippewa," was written by Major Noah, and though it reads better than it acts, yet if our theatres were not so wholly under the control of *foreigners*, we should be favored with that national play a little oftener than we are at present.

We believe The Atlas is the largest newspaper in the world. The would-be Goliaths of our own, dwindle into contemptible pygmies when placed beside that immense sheet.

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